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ATLANTA, GA., July 21, 1894.

The President's Letter.

There are many things in the recent
 letter of President Cleveland to Chair-
 man Wilson, of the ways and means
 committee of the house, The Constitu-
 tion heartily approves, but it does not
 seem to go far enough on the line of the
 redemption of all of the democratic
 pledges.

Every word that the president says
 in urging the redemption of democratic
 pledges should be heartily endorsed by
 every democrat. He makes a careful
 and correct gauge of public sentiment
 in his statement that democrats "are
 downcast under the assertion that their
 party fails in ability to manage the gov-
 ernment, and they are apprehensive
 that their efforts to bring about tariff
 reform may fail. But they are much
 more downcast and apprehensive in
 their fears that democratic principles
 may be surrendered."

All of which is well and truly said!
 The democratic party stands before the
 country pledged to do certain things,
 not only with the tariff but with the
 finances of the country. Every word
 that President Cleveland has said about
 the tariff applies equally as well to the
 financial pledge of the democratic plat-
 form and also to the pledge to repeal
 the 10 per cent tax on state banks. If
 it is perfidy to fail to do one of these
 things, it is certainly as perfidious to
 fail in another promise equally as oblig-
 atory.

Hence we regret exceedingly that in
 his letter emphasizing the importance of
 redeeming the tariff pledge of the party
 the president did not also stress the im-
 portance of redeeming other pledges
 to which the party is committed. We
 earnestly trust that this last letter of
 the president will be followed by others
 on the financial pledge, and on the re-
 peal of the 10 per cent tax on state
 banks. The president argues so well
 and so forcibly on the perdy involved
 in the violation of the tariff pledge of
 the party that he must, of course, be
 impressed with the dishonor and degra-
 dation that will attach to the democratic
 administration if after two years of
 service it can be shown that neither
 the 10 per cent repeal plank nor the
 financial pledge has been redeemed.

There is vastly more responsibility resting
 on the president as regards the two
 latter questions than the tariff, for
 with the tariff he has emphasized upon
 the people, the party and congress the
 importance of redeeming the pledge to
 reduce the tariff to a revenue basis. If
 congress does not do so, it will not be
 his fault, and he will have the conscious-
 ness of having done his duty. With
 the financial question and the 10 per
 cent repeal, however, the president
 should let congress understand its duty
 just as he has done with the tariff. As
 it stands now he has said nothing, done
 nothing, asked for nothing looking to the
 redemption of either of these two
 pledges, which are of equal, if not more,
 importance as the tariff. Yet those who
 most intimate with the president, on
 the floor of congress, violently opposed
 the repeal of the 10 per cent tax on
 state banks and defeated the measure,
 and likewise, by an astute combination
 of the eastern democracy with the re-
 publicans the pledge to use both silver
 and gold as standard money was per-
 fidiously violated—we say perfidiously
 because if it is perfidy to violate the tariff
 pledge, and the president says it is, it
 is certainly perfidious to violate any
 other pledge of equal importance.

We earnestly trust that the president
 will follow this letter with another one,
 commending the free coinage of silver
 "the coinage of both gold and silver
 without discrimination against either,"
 as pledged in the democratic platform,
 and that he will also urge with equal
 earnestness upon the repeal of the 10
 per cent tax on state banks. This done,
 and the president insisting upon the
 redemption of every plank of the demo-
 cratic platform as earnestly as he is
 insisting to secure the redemption of the
 tariff pledge, and he will not have a
 more active champion in the country
 than The Constitution. But no party
 and no man can be honest in one respect
 and dishonest in another and at the

same time maintain the full respect of
 the people. It is best to be honest in
 everything.

The President and the Income Tax.

There is one feature about the presi-
 dent's letter that we are sure will not
 be understood by the people, and we re-
 gret that he was not more explicit about
 it. In writing to Mr. Wilson he says:

You know how much I deplored the
 incorporation into the proposed bill of the
 income tax feature.

In his message read at the assembling
 of congress last December President
 Cleveland spoke as follows on the in-
 come tax, commending the wisdom of
 the insertion of the tax in the bill of
 the ways and means committee:

The (ways and means) committee, after
 full consideration and to provide against a
 temporary deficiency, which may exist be-
 fore the business of the country adjusts
 itself to the new tariff schedules, has
 wisely embraced in its plans a few
 additional internal revenue taxes, including
 a small tax upon incomes derived from
 certain corporate investments. These new
 assessments are not absolutely and easily
 borne, but they have the further merit
 of being such as can be remitted without
 unfavorable business disturbances when-
 ever the necessity for their imposition no
 longer exists.

There is an air of mystery about this
 income tax matter that is not at all sat-
 isfactory. For instance, here in Atlanta
 and in other places, the newspapers
 which have assumed to speak for Mr.
 Cleveland have time and again entered
 a solemn pledge that the president fa-
 vored the income tax. In his letter to
 Mr. Wilson he "deplores the insertion
 of the measure in the tariff bill," though
 last December in his message to con-
 gress he commended the action of the
 committee which wisely embraces in its
 plans a few additional internal revenue
 taxes, including a small tax upon in-
 comes derived from certain corporate
 investments."

This is the worst kind of an income
 tax because it reaches small stockhold-
 ers while it entirely exempts from tax-
 ation every dollar of income derived
 from immense private capital. The in-
 come from the non-producing bonds of
 the millionaire would be exempted, if
 the income tax was confined to corporate
 investments, as suggested, while the
 income of a struggling widow who may
 have put four or five thousand dollars
 in a safe investment in a manufacturing,
 industrial or other such enterprise,
 would be subject to tax. This would
 not be right, nor do we believe that it
 was the purpose of the president's sug-
 gestion to so restrict the operation of
 the tax.

We trust, therefore, in order that more
 light may be thrown on the subject, that
 the president will take the bull by the
 horns and let congress understand just
 exactly what he would like to see it do
 as regards not only the tariff, but the
 financial question, the 10 per cent re-
 peal and the income tax. For the sake
 of party harmony and in the hope that
 we may arrive at some definite basis
 of understanding by which the party
 can get together, we should like to see
 more light thrown on the situation, be-
 cause as matters now stand things are
 in a horribly mixed condition.

Statistical Nonsense.

The Springfield Republican has the
 following:

Rev. C. C. McCabe, secretary of the
 Methodist missionary society, figures out
 a very plain and seemingly easy way in
 which workmen can get the better of
 the railway magnates. His scheme is sim-
 ply itself. Stop drinking, he says, save
 money and buy up all the railroads and
 own them. It will only take a matter of \$25-
 000,000, or so to buy up all the railroads
 in the country, according to Poor's manual
 of 1888, as quoted by McCabe, and the work-
 men of the country will be about one-
 fifth of that amount each year. It is an easy
 problem in arithmetic which McCabe propounds
 to the workmen of the United States. If
 they drink up each year one-fifth of the
 value of the railroads of the United States,
 in fifteen years they drink up the value of
 the railroads of the United States. McCabe
 figures are \$200,000,000 a year for the liquor
 bill of the whole country, of which the
 workmen pay \$750,000,000—a sum that
 would pretty fast if laid away each
 year at savings bank interest. Mr.
 McCabe thinks a good deal of his scheme.
 He is sure that "it is practicable, it is
 feasible, it can be done."

This is simply impertinent. The
 workmen of the country do not want
 to get the better of the railway mag-
 nates. They do not want to buy
 the railroads. The drink bill of the
 workmen in general may be \$750-
 000,000 a year, but the men who work
 for the railways do not drink. As a
 rule, they are the most temperate class
 in the world. The hazardous nature of
 their occupation and the requirements
 of their employers make them so.

Mr. McCabe's figures are misleading,
 and his suggestion is not to the point.
 Many of the men engaged in the re-
 cent strike doubtless drank, but they
 were not railway employees. They have
 been drinking about buying the rail-
 ways, and the only proposition of that
 sort comes from the populists of the west.

Mr. McCabe's statistics do not point
 to the solution of any problem. He
 has simply succeeded in calling attention
 to the fact that the drink bill of the
 country is \$200,000,000, but we doubt
 his statement that the workmen pay
 \$750,000,000 of it. The proof cannot be
 had. The men who purchase whisky
 are not watched and classified on the
 spot. The chances are that society peo-
 ple, professional and business men and
 idlers spend more money than the work-
 ingmen spend for liquor.

The Office of Coroner.

It is now almost settled that the New
 York constitutional convention will
 abolish the office of coroner.

The advocates of the proposed reform
 say that the coroner is an unnecessary
 officer. They claim that it would be
 better to have his work done by the
 county and city physicians who should
 be compelled to investigate all suspi-
 cious cases of death and report the re-
 sult to the prosecuting officer of the
 county.

to be done over again. The verdict of
 a coroner's jury is not final. If a crime
 has been committed another tribunal
 has to investigate it.

In this part of the country where the
 office of coroner is not much sought, the
 abuses complained of in New York are
 unknown. Still, the question raised is
 one of general interest everywhere and
 deserves consideration.

A Senseless Crusade.

Speaking of the recent triumph of the
 American Protective Association in the
 Nashville primaries The Memphis Com-
 mercial says:

It is, therefore, amazing to us that at
 such a time and under such circumstances
 intelligent people should be assailing them-
 selves to death with ghosts of Catholic
 domination. It is the more surprising that
 at a time when the country is confronted
 with real, grave and deadly perils men
 should be wasting their energies in thump-
 ing the life out of a straw devil built with
 their own hands. We are now face to face
 with a great crisis. All the forces of vio-
 lence, of lawlessness, of anarchy, disguised
 in various forms and wearing various
 names, are in arms against the peace of
 society. Yet these people take no heed,
 give no thought to present perils, but pro-
 ceed to score up a senseless quarrel with
 Catholics, and stir up a fierce and bitter
 religious feud.

The American Protective Association
 is composed of a lot of people who are
 never satisfied unless they are persecut-
 ing somebody. For some mysterious
 reason they have selected the Catholics
 for their victims in the present crusade,
 and they are now organizing lodges all
 over the land and swearing their mem-
 bers to oppose giving either public
 offices or employment to Catholics.

We agree with our Memphis contem-
 porary that we have issues of more
 vital importance to fight than the "straw
 devil" built by these narrow-minded
 fanatics. This is no time for a religious
 warfare in our politics, and the men
 who are trying to bring it on have no
 business in the democratic party. They
 should be ruled out the next time a pri-
 mary is held in Nashville. Their sur-
 premacy is a disgrace to any com-
 munity.

A Jingo Policy.

According to The St. Louis Republic's
 advice from Texas, Governor Hogg be-
 lieves in a jingo policy, that is, says
 he, he thinks that a foreign war would be
 a good thing at the present time.

We are not prepared to accept the
 report that the governor looks for a
 revolution in this country unless we be-
 come engaged in a conflict with another
 nation, but if he believes that a struggle
 with a foreign enemy would benefit
 us in many ways we can readily
 understand why he takes that view of
 the situation.

If the present troubles in Nicaragua
 should draw us into a war with Eng-
 land of three or four years' duration it
 must be admitted that a wonderful
 change would immediately take place in
 this country. The needs of the govern-
 ment would keep all industries busy
 equipping and maintaining an army
 and a navy on a war footing. Millions
 and probably billions of legal tender
 greenbacks would be added to the cir-
 culation and the people would enjoy the
 flush times that prevailed in the north
 from 1861 to 1878. Nor would the bene-
 fits be confined to our material interests
 alone. The lines between the sections
 would be obliterated, and in the
 mighty hosts marching under one flag
 would be found the men of the south
 side by side with the men of the north.
 But the final reckoning would show
 a profit or a loss on our side? Nothing
 would be lost if we should follow Ger-
 many's example and force our defeated
 foes to pay a big indemnity. We take
 it for granted that they would be de-
 feated, because we cannot imagine any
 other result when the fact is considered
 that we can put 9,000,000 men in the
 field. Our only loss would be in human
 life, and it is questionable whether as
 many lives would be lost in war as are
 lost under the fatal conditions of a long
 spell of hard times.

We do not wonder that Governor
 Hogg and others, when they see so
 much discontent, distress and domestic
 violence in this country, indulge the
 hope that something will bring about a
 foreign war. And yet it would be a
 pity to draw the sword to restore pro-
 perty when peaceful methods would
 accomplish the same purpose.

Why not redeem our pledges of finan-
 cial relief? Give the people more money
 and more business, and they will not
 be turbulent at home nor anxious for
 trouble abroad.

Getting Together.

The democrats of Georgia have their
 differences and their personal prefer-
 ences, and during the present campaign
 they have sometimes indulged in utter-
 ances that were more heated and em-
 phatic than the occasion demanded, but
 they have not forgotten their party ob-
 ligations, and it is already evident that
 they are getting together with the de-
 termination to roll up one of their old-
 fashioned majorities against the popu-
 lists.

This is what might have been ex-
 pected. It is a disappointment to a
 good democrat when his favorite candi-
 date for the governorship or for con-
 gress fails to receive the nomination,
 but he is not long in coming to the con-
 clusion that the success of the united
 democracy is a more important thing
 than the triumph of any one man. We
 can choose our candidates from a large
 number of good and true men, but we
 have no room for a choice when we
 have to decide which party we shall
 support. The men who have been loyal
 to democratic principles from their
 cradles cannot act with the republicans
 or with the populists. They may differ
 about men and measures, but when the
 campaign is on they will be found un-
 der the banner of democracy, yielding to
 the will of the majority and supporting
 the nominee of their party.

Many of the most devoted friends of
 General Evans are now putting in their
 best work for Mr. Atkinson, and many
 of Colonel Chandler's strongest sup-
 porters are now doing all they can for
 Colonel Livingston.

This is the democratic way. We have
 our little family differences, but when
 the time comes for action we always

get together and present a solid front
 to the opposition. The democrats of
 Georgia are for harmony, unity and vic-
 tory. This is the right spirit and it
 never fails to win.

A Significant Appointment.

The appointment of Hon. Clifton B.
 Breckinridge, of Arkansas, to be min-
 ister to Russia will give general satis-
 faction.

Breckinridge is an able man, but
 his financial views are not in accord
 with those of his constituents. He
 voted for the repeal of the purchasing
 clause of the Sherman act, and this
 caused his renomination to be defeated.
 His old constituents, however, have no
 other complaint against him than the
 fact that he is an advocate of the gold
 standard policy, and they will have no
 objection to see him represent this
 country at the Russian court where his
 anti-silver views can do no harm.

This appointment, like the promotion
 of Mr. Brawley, of South Carolina, to
 the circuit bench, makes it plain that
 Mr. Cleveland proposes to stand by those
 who, to take his views, have to desert
 their people.

Mr. Breckinridge, in direct opposition
 to the wishes of his people and to his
 past record, opposed the free coinage of
 silver, and the democrats of his district
 thrust him aside for another man.

The democrat who repudiates the
 Chicago platform and regards the
 wishes of his constituents as resting
 satisfied that he will be well provided
 for so long as he makes himself pliable
 enough to do as he is told. He may
 not be able to command a hundred votes
 in his own district, but honors and re-
 wards are waiting for him elsewhere.

This can be said without detracting
 from Mr. Breckinridge's fitness for his
 new position. We believe that he will
 represent American interests faithfully
 and ably in Russia. He can render bet-
 ter service there than he can in con-
 gress just at this time as a representa-
 tive from Arkansas.

Vice in the Schools.

A New York letter says:

"A student of a school board across
 the river in Newark has been called to
 brandy drops. These are harmless looking
 caramels, but it is claimed that they con-
 tain sufficient alcohol to create a craving
 for alcohol in the youthful stomach, and
 will, in time, make the little students dip-
 somaniacs. One member of the board said
 he had seen a child of five years old
 from two innocent looking drops, and an-
 other, who opened a pound, exhibited a
 three-ounce phial two-thirds full. The ag-
 gregation has decided to order the board
 the sale of these drunkard-breeding sweets
 is a violation of the exiles law. Perhaps
 these caramels are getting in their work
 in other schools, and the one referred to
 it might pay to inquire."

The same thing has been reported
 from other school districts, and it is
 also well known that the dealers in
 immoral books and pictures manage in
 some way to distribute their catalogues
 among girls and boys in many public
 schools north and south. One would
 think that an organized effort was being
 made to demoralize the rising genera-
 tion, and that the corruptors of our
 youth were concentrating all their ef-
 forts upon our public schools.

"This is a matter that demands con-
 stant watchfulness on the part of our
 teachers."

Served Him Right.

In Cincinnati the other day a grocer
 named H. Sicking was fined \$100 for
 selling adulterated ground coffee.

The testimony showed that the coffee
 was 50 per cent coffee, 35 per cent baked
 starch and 15 per cent a leafy matter
 impregnated with burnt sugar to give
 the coffee color when boiled.

Mr. Sicking claimed that his adulter-
 ated coffee was intended for his south-
 ern customers and was not to be sold
 in Ohio. The judge ordered the coffee
 to be destroyed, and fined the de-
 fendant with a warning not to repeat
 the offense.

The adulteration of coffee and other
 articles of food and drink is carried on
 to an alarming extent, and every state
 should have vigorous laws governing
 the subject. The impudence of the Cin-
 cinnati grocer in declaring that his
 fraudulent mixture was put up for the
 southern trade only aggravated his
 offense. He is a good man to watch.

Very Fine Talk.

A New England paper says that the
 violent disturbance in the Alabama
 mines "is a sign of social health and in-
 dustrial progress."

Chicago men have enjoyed a remark-
 able spell of social health and industrial
 progress during the past few weeks.
 But it was very expensive. The dam-
 ages, loss to the railways and military
 expenditures amount to about \$100-
 000,000.

We prefer a feeble degree of social
 health and less progress. Martial law,
 riot and a loss of \$2,000,000 a day in
 wages alone may encourage our New
 England contemporaries, but we are not
 so optimistic.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Two Birmingham negroes have each
 carried a silver quarter under their tongue
 for thirty-six years. They were first placed
 there by the men for fear their masters
 would find and take the money from them,
 and subsequently kept there because of
 superstitious belief.

The following narrative of continuous
 hiccoughing comes from Atlantic City, N. J.:
 "Visiting one of the money spasms con-
 vulsions. She eats with a relish, when
 speaks well for her general physical health;
 her face is full, fresh, bright and cheerful,
 and her voice is as clear and suggestive of
 the healthiest. Yet the doctor says she is
 bound to break down before many days,
 when her youthful buoyancy deserts her,
 and then she will collapse in a rush. Miss
 Muller's father and mother both died
 young, the former of consumption, in his
 thirty-second year, and the latter in her
 thirty-first year, of heart failure. About
 a year ago she had an attack of hiccoughs,
 which lasted three months. She is in her
 eighteenth year, and is particularly
 bright and intelligent, speaking English,
 French and German fluently."

the rival interests in the reservation. There
 are four different interests—those of the
 Mosquito Indians, Nicaragua, England and
 the American Colonies. The late revolu-
 tion was executed by the Jamaican ne-
 groes, who are subjects of England, and
 who constitute the bulk of the population
 of Mosquitoes, acting, however, it is said,
 under American leaders and urged to the
 movement by American influence, the
 Americans, as we have already noted,
 being most of the wealth of the country
 and controlling it politically. Here we
 see, therefore, the British element, led by
 an American, overthrowing the Nicaraguan
 government and re-establishing that of the
 Mosquito Indians. The difficulty of the
 situation is well shown in this one inci-
 dent."

Herr Most says: "The time is not propi-
 tious for agitating." No, there are too
 many policemen, sheriffs and soldiers.

GEORGIA POLITICAL NOTES.

The Savannah Press has this to say:
 "Hon. A. G. McCurry, of Hartwell, was
 unanimously nominated by the democracy
 of Hart county to represent that county
 in the next legislature. Mr. McCurry has
 represented the county for many years in
 the legislature with honor, and it was thrust upon
 him this time, he not even being a candi-
 date."

The Savannah Press says of Hon. Patrick
 Walsh:
 "Hon. Patrick Walsh ran a phenomenal
 race yesterday in Dougherty county. He
 came within eighteen votes of carrying
 the county. When we consider that
 Dougherty was in Mr. Turner's old dis-
 trict, and that he was the strongest of
 Walsh has many strong friends in Geor-
 gia."

Says The Marietta Journal:
 "The democrats are going to carry the
 state of Georgia by an overwhelming ma-
 jority. Now we wish what we tell you.
 Democrats are falling into line everywhere.
 Genuine enthusiasm is being kindled all
 along the line. The people are aroused
 and are going to keep their state govern-
 ment in the hands of democrats."

The Marietta Journal makes this com-
 ment on Hon. R. W. Everett's with-
 drawal:
 "Hon. R. W. Everett, of Polk, has with-
 drawn from the race as a candidate for
 the democratic nomination for congress
 from the seventh district in the interest
 of peace and harmony. Well done, good
 and true democrat. The people will re-
 member you yet and will be glad to serve
 them. This gives Congressman Maddox
 a walkover."

Says The Marietta Journal:
 "The legislative candidates are stirring
 themselves. They are learning that Cobb
 county is a pretty good county, with a
 heap of clever people in it."

The senatorial convention of the twenty-
 seventh district of Georgia will meet at
 Monroe, Walton county, on August 31,
 at 1 o'clock.

Major Bacon will address the citizens of
 Hall and adjoining counties next Tuesday,
 the 24th.

The Georgia Cracker makes this note:
 "The Hon. W. A. Broughton, of Madison,
 who has been nominated for the state
 senate by the democrats, is being urged
 by his friends to accept of that body."

WITH GEORGIA EDITORS.

Says the paragraphist of The Augusta
 Chronicle:
 "What Blackberries growing in the sub-
 urbs of New York, or in the south, puffed
 up, opinionated folks of the south thought
 we had a monopoly. They will soon be
 disappointed. The Blackberry is not a south-
 ern fruit, and then our cup of bitterness
 will bubble over."

Here is The Marietta Journal on the hot
 weather:
 "Don't stay away from church because it
 is hot. Stand by the preacher! It is just
 as hot for him preaching to a small
 crowd as a big one."

The Savannah Press has the following:
 "Georgia, according to the latest tables,
 has more slaves than any other state. She
 holds more than she has accredited to her.
 Send in your application at once."

The Danielsville Monitor man observes:
 "Did you ever notice that those fellows
 who are so anxious to see the state con-
 stitution amended are the same fellows
 who are always putting themselves in the
 place where they think the office is going
 to hunt for him?"

The editor of The Rome Tribune remarks:
 "Every paper in the south is full of
 claims to be published in the garden spot
 of the south. There must be about two
 dozen watermelons in the garden, and a
 half of garden spots down that way."

The editor of The Montgomery Monitor
 says:
 "There is to be a convention of the jus-
 tice of the peace and notaries public of
 the state at Atlanta on the 1st day of
 August. Inasmuch as it will be somewhat
 inconvenient to attend, and as we
 generally get our money in 35-cent fees,
 we suggest that the justice of this county
 be here on the 1st day of August, and
 Saturday in July and appoint one or more
 delegates to the Atlanta convention."

The statement has been made several
 times that Messrs. McMahon, Smith, Mc-
 Whorter and Howard were directors in The
 Athens Banner Company. These gentlemen
 are the most prominent stockholders also,
 and it is expected that at the sale of the
 paper they will bid it in, in order to
 save what they have invested in it.

ECHOES FROM THE RACE.

Augusta Herald: "My Lo Lon" seems
 to have had the winning cards.

Savannah Press: That was almost
 a walkover for Livingston in Atlanta. This
 victory, of course, settles the race for con-
 gress in the fifth district.

Valdosta Telescope: Atlanta's campaign
 has outstripped Carolina, and some news-
 papers there will have run in abundance.

Columbus Enquirer-Sun:

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Hear There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

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PART VI.

More About the Talking Saddle.

The queer looking girl was running from the very queer looking boy and both were laughing loudly. When they saw the children sitting at the table they both stopped suddenly. The queer looking girl turned and made a wry face at the very queer looking boy. At this both burst out laughing and suddenly stopped again.

"Be ashamed of yourselves!" exclaimed old Mr. Rabbit, wrapping on the door with his cane. "Be ashamed! Where are your manners? Go and speak to our friends and make your best bow, too—don't forget that!" Mr. Rabbit appeared to be very indignant.

Mrs. Meadows was in a better humor. "This," she said, as the queer looking girl came forward, "is Chickamy Crany Crow, and this, as the very queer looking boy came timidly up, is Tickle-My-Toes."

They bowed and then went off a little ways, looking very solemn and comical. They didn't dare glance at each other for fear they would begin laughing again. The reason they looked so queer was because, although they acted like children, they were old in appearance—as old as a person past middle age.

"They are country raised, poor things! You'll have to excuse them. They don't know any better," Mr. Thimblefinger sighed as he said this and looked thoughtful.

"What about the talking saddle?" Buster John inquired. "You said the story wasn't finished."

"To be sure! To be sure!" Mr. Thimblefinger cried. "My mind is like a wagon without a tongue. It goes every way but the right way. Where was I? Oh, yes, I remember now."

"Well, the mayor was very thankful to Tip-Top for saving his treasure and his horses, but he wasn't satisfied about the saddle. He was worried. Now, you know when a child is worried he cries, but when a grown man is worried he sits down and looks away off and puts his elbow in his hand and his finger to his nose—so."

"Oh, I've seen papa do that," laughed Sweetest Susan.

"Yes, that's the way the mayor did," Mr. Thimblefinger continued. "There was a great thief in that country who had never been caught. He didn't care for judges and juries and courthouses. He always sent the mayor word when he was coming to the city and when he was going away."

"No, just the day before the mayor had received a letter from this man. The thief said he was coming after a fine race horse that was owned by the mayor's brother. So the mayor sat and thought, and finally he asked Tip-Top if his talking saddle could catch a famous thief."

"It has just caught four common rogues, your honor," replied Tip-Top, "and I think it can catch one uncommon thief."

"Then the mayor told Tip-Top that the most famous thief in all that country intended to steal his brother's race horse. Tip-Top said he must see the horse and together they went to the stable where it was kept. The horse was already guarded. Two servants sat in the stall, two sat outside and two remained near the door. The mayor's brother was also there."

"What is this?" the brother asked.

"This fellow wants to sell his saddle," replied the mayor.

"Then arrest him," cried the brother, "for he is the thief."

"Nonsense," replied the mayor. "He is a very honest man and I will vouch for him." Then the mayor called his brother aside and told him why the man with the saddle had come to see the horse.

"Tip-Top talked with the men who had been set to guard the horse and he soon found that one of them was an accomplice of the thief. This man made a swift sign to Tip-Top and placed his finger on his mouth. Tip-Top replied by closing his eyes with his fingers, as if to show that he

was watching a horse."

"That is what we are to find out," replied the watchers.

"Very well," the newcomer said; "I'll stay, by your permission, and see you double him up."

"The watchers gave their consent gladly, for the newcomer had a lively manner and a rattling tongue. He sang songs and told stories for an hour or more, and then pulled a bottle from under his coat."

"A little wine," he said, "will clear the fog from our throats." He passed the bottle around and all drank except the guard, who was watching in the stall.

"Now, the man who had come singing up the street was the thief himself, and the guard in the stall was his companion. The wine was drugged, and in a very few minutes three of the watchers were fast

he will want a saddle. He will be passing the wall here. He will see me sleeping with my head on my friend and then he will attempt to steal it, but the surdingle will be buckled around my body and I will awake and cry blue murder. Then you and your brother can come forward from the vacant house yonder and seize him."

"Where did you learn all this?" asked the mayor. He began to suspect that his brother was right when he said that Tip-Top was the thief.

"My saddle told me," Tip-Top answered.

"Well," said the mayor, "your plan is as



"Then, Your Honor," Replied Tip-Top, "Give This Man His Liberty."

good as any, but how will the thief get the horse that is so well guarded?"

"Ah!" Tip-Top exclaimed, "if I were to tell you we should never catch the thief."

"So it was all arranged. Tip-Top was to sleep on his talking saddle near the wall and the mayor and his brother were to watch from the windows of the vacant house opposite."

"When night came the watchers who had been set to guard the horse were very anxious. They were ready to arrest any one who might chance to enter. Whenever they heard footsteps approaching they seized their clubs and stood on the defensive. Sometimes a passerby would pause, look in and ask what the trouble was. Then the watchers would reply that they were waiting for the great thief who was coming to steal the fine horse. Thus the hours passed, but no thief came. Then the watchers began to get tired."

"We are crazy," said one. "How can a thief steal this horse even if he were to come in here? We are four to one. Two of us should sleep awhile and thus we can take turns in watching." This was agreed to, and two of the guards stretched themselves on the straw and prepared to sleep. But just then they heard some one singing far down the street. It was a jolly song and the sound of it came louder and louder. As the singer was going by the light in the stable caught his eye and he paused and looked in, but still kept up his singing.

"Friends," he said when his song was done, "what is the trouble?"

"We are watching a horse."

"Is he sick? Perhaps I can aid you. I have doctored many a horse in my day."

"He is not sick," replied the watchers. "He is well and taking his ease. We are watching to prevent a thief from stealing him."

"Then they told him the threat the thief had made."

"Come, that is too good," cried the newcomer. "This thief will be worth looking at when four such stout lads as you get through with him. When does he show himself?"

"That is what we are to find out," replied the watchers.

"Very well," the newcomer said; "I'll stay, by your permission, and see you double him up."

"The watchers gave their consent gladly, for the newcomer had a lively manner and a rattling tongue. He sang songs and told stories for an hour or more, and then pulled a bottle from under his coat."

"A little wine," he said, "will clear the fog from our throats." He passed the bottle around and all drank except the guard, who was watching in the stall.

AN INTERESTING PLANT.

By John Burroughs.

In our walks we note the most showy and beautiful flowers, but not always the most interesting. Who, for instance, pauses to consider that early species of everlasting, called in the botany antennaria, that grows nearly everywhere by the roadside or about poor fields? It begins to be noticeable in May, its whitish downy appearance, its groups of slender stalks crowned with a

A... if... or... m... w... gr... by a... flann... brother... well are... tical beginn... Wade into... deep, and... one arm up... line and... chin. To... What o'clock... The clock struck... And bowed to the sun... But the sun was fast asleep... And the moon was quick... With her old-time trick... To hide from Chick... Chickamy—Chickamy Crany Crow! Chickamy what? and Chickamy which? She went to the well and fell in the ditch; What o'clock, old Witch? Oh sad to tell! She went to the well— The time was as close to eve as to dawn— To Chickamy Chick, So supple and slick, The clock said "Tick!" But when she came back her chicken was gone!

Oh, whatamy, whichamy, chickamy, O! Moonery, oonery, tickamy Toe! Wellery, tellery, gittery go! Witchery, itchery, knickery know. "What kinder gwines on is dat?" exclaimed Drusilla, whose mind had never been quite easy since she walked through the dry water in the spring without getting drowned. "We all better be makin' our way to'rds home. Time we git dar—ef we ever is ter git dar—it'll be dark good. Den what yo' ma gwine ter say. She gwine ter talk wid de flat er her han'—dat what she gwine ter talk wid. Come on!"

"Can't you be quiet?" cried Buster John. "It's nothing but a song."

"Oh, you kin stay, an' I'll stay wid you," said Drusilla; but when missis git you in de washroom don't you come sayin' dat I wouldn't fetch you home."

"I want to see everything," said Buster John.

"I done seed much ez I want ter see," replied Drusilla, "an' now I want ter live ter tell it."

Before Buster John could say anything more, everything suddenly grew a little darker, and in the midst of the sky—or what ought to have been the sky—but which was the enlarged bottom of the spring—there was a huge shadow. The children looked at it in silence.

(To be Continued.)

Plucky Swallows.

There is a flourishing family of young barn swallows just hatched out in a stanch mud nest that clings to the inside ledge of a jutting post on a wide balcony of a certain pretty Long Island house—quite an ordinary little swallow's nest and very commonplace hungry birdlings in it, but the family that lives in the Long Island house regards the parent birds as the pluckiest pair of housekeepers they ever knew. For three seasons in succession the swallows, a handsome, lively pair of birds, have come back to bill and coo and hatch their little brood in a mud nest stuck to a pillar at the west end of the balcony.

Some warm spring day they come back, apparently just from a long winter in the south, and, perching on the nest's edge, in loud, cheerful chirps discuss the necessary renovations and improvements. They then set promptly to work, toss out all the old lining of the year before, and down along the pond's edge or in the public highway are seen industriously getting mud for needed repairs. The work goes on for a week usually before Mrs. Swallow begins to lay her eggs, and this year the Swallow family came back to the old nest in due season and began work on it. From their own pretty downy coats they pulled feathers for lining, and one egg was laid, when a little gray shipping sparrow undertook to turn these honest folks out of their old home. She deliberately tossed the new laid eggs and down lining out and began to lay in such twigs as she thought best.

The swallows seemed indignant and grief stricken, but satisfied themselves by giving the sparrow a sound scolding, turning out her twigs and beginning to reline the nest. Another egg was laid, and again in their absence the sparrow repeated her cruel trick. This time the swallows punished the destroyer of their home severely. They met her on the gravel path by the balcony steps and Mr. Swallow struck her such a blow with his stout, short bill that she flustered, reeled and fell over on the gravel as though dead. Then the swallows disappeared for a week. At the end of that time they came back, selected a similar ledge of a pillar on the east end of the balcony and began to build a new home. Knowing they were full two weeks behind all the other birds, they worked like beavers until in the short space of four days a new nest, bigger and stronger than the old one, was built and lined, and Mrs. Swallow had begun to lay again.

From that day until the brood was hatched one of the swallows always sat on or near the new nest watching the sparrow, who did make one attempt to destroy it, but was prevented by a member of the family who owns the Long Island house, and who determined to protect the patient builders. Although a few days late, Mrs. Swallow hatched out as fine a family of young ones as one would care to see, and was very little behind her neighbors in getting her babies on the wing. Every night her good husband spent perched on a hook driven into one of the balcony beams, from which a canary cage hung, and in July the swallows disappeared.

Not until the season arrives for migrating to the south do the Long Island family see their bird neighbors again. Some day in the latter part of September the swallows come back, sit on the nest's edge, apparently talk over plans for the next spring, see to it that the nest is in good order and then, no doubt, begin their long flight and sojourn to warmer climes.

...not tired of practicing the...
...asked Bonaparte.
"Not at all," the other replied.
"At any rate, you tire other people,"
said the first.
"I am sorry for that," replied the horn
blower.
"It would be better," said Bonaparte, "if
you went to practice somewhere else."
To this the other retorted: "I am mas-
ter of my own apartment."
"Indeed," replied Bonaparte. "Perhaps
you may be taught to be doubtful on that
point."
"I scarcely think any one will be bold
enough to try and teach me that," said
the other.
A challenge ensued, but before the two
students met to fight each other, the other
young men interfered and arranged that
the horn blower should practice his horn
farther off and that Bonaparte should be
more accommodating.

A New Paper.

Some years ago amateur newspapers
were quite the fad in Atlanta, and at one
time there were twenty-three running at
one time. Among the best at that time was
The Courier Magazine, edited by Walter C.
Barnwell, then only thirteen years of age.
Since then (1891) this young man has been
actively engaged in newspaper work, hav-
ing written stories for a number of Geor-
gia weekly papers.

About two months ago he again ven-
tured an amateur publication in the shape
of The Youth's Herald. This little paper
has flourished and now numbers its friends
and subscribers by the score. It invites all
young people interested in newspaper work
to send in short articles, but they must be
 terse.

The editor means to push his paper for-
ward and has already taken such steps as
to put it in general favor.

The Man of Sixty Victories.

So have they sometimes named Bona-
parte. How shall we describe him? What
was he like? In stature small, about five feet
four inches, muscular, with broad shoulders
and short legs. In dress rather a sloven,
a snuff taker, who often kept his brown
rappee in his white waistcoat pocket; in
manner, fascinating when he liked, his
complexion a pale olive, his eyes piercing
and observant of everything, his hair dark
and close cropped. He was inclined to be
scout, but had a horror of it, and so was a
small eater. An early riser, punctual
as clockwork; his attire a blue uniform,
with white waistcoat and breeches
military boots, a cocked hat and a sword.
His industry was wonderful. He never left to
others what he ought to have attended to
himself. He was always at work and often
would allow himself no time to eat or sleep.
His private secretary was worked so hard
that he begged for an assistant. Bonaparte
replied: "I shall certainly not take a second
one; I only regret being obliged to have
one. I wish nothing so much as that it were
possible to do all the work myself."

Once, when under arrest for ten days
his room had no furniture but an old
chair and an old cupboard. In that cup-
board was a worm-eaten book. It was
very dry reading, for it was all about Ro-
man law. Bonaparte said: "I had neither
paper, pens nor pencil to amuse myself
with, so you may imagine what a treasure
that book was to me. In those ten days I
devoured the book, and so picked up my
knowledge of the civil law."

Bonaparte's industry, aided by his genius
and good fortune, enabled him to become
the first figure in Europe. But his progress
at first was slow. Once when he became em-
peror a young officer stepped from the ranks
and complained that he had been slighted
and passed over. "I have been five years
a lieutenant and am unable obtain promo-
tion," grumbled he.

"Calm yourself, my friend, I was seven
years a lieutenant, and yet you see a man
may push himself forward for all that." Every-
body laughed, and the young officer,
suddenly cooled by these few words, re-
turned to his place.

Even as a youth Bonaparte was grave,
silent and studious. He was once at a party,
when, instead of joining in the merriment,
he retired into a corner with a book.
"Won't you join us in our games?" one of
them asked.

The reply came short and stern: "No,
playing and dancing is not the way to
form a man."

In his first affair with the enemy, the
siege of Toulon, he was content to sleep
beside one of his guns. At this siege he
distinguished himself so greatly that Car-
not sent him to Paris "as a young man
who ought to be advanced speedily, for if
he is not he will most assuredly advance
himself." It is a curious fact that the first
shell fired at Toulon was by his own hand,
and it fell on and destroyed the very house
in which he and his family had once re-
sided. It was after this siege that Bona-

A Bad Night in the Punjab.

At the military station of Rawal Pindi
in the Punjab, a strange incident took
place about twenty-two years ago. It was
during the cold season that the subaltern
on duty, a bold and fearless horseman,
was riding home to his own bungalow
about midnight, having completed his du-
ties for the day. Being in a hurry to get
to bed, he left the main road at a certain
point and took a short cut across an open
space. It was very dark, but the horse can-
tered freely on, as anxious probably as his
master was to get home, when, all at once,
the young officer felt the animal jump over
some obstacle and the next moment horse
and rider were falling through the air, a
great crash and splash being the last thing
of which the young man had any con-
sciousness.

After an interval—how long he could not
tell—sensation slowly returned and he be-
came aware that he was still in the saddle,
but bestriding a dead horse. His legs were
in water, and the hollow sound of his own
voice when he shouted for help, informed
him that he had fallen into one of the
huge wells somewhere near the military
lines.

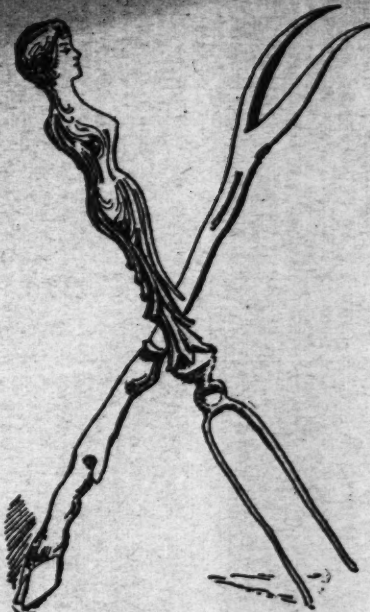
It was a terrible position, but he did not
again lose consciousness though he was no
longer able to shout for help, which he had
continued to do as long as possible. Gradu-
ally, as day began to dawn, he could see
his surroundings. The horse, with its neck
broken, lay crumpled up beneath him at the
bottom of the well, in which there was not
more than three feet of water. Except for
the shock, he did not believe himself to be
injured at all, though his limbs were be-
numbed with cold and he felt faint and
almost paralyzed. As the sun rose he
again tried to make himself heard, but
without effect, and it was not till the na-
tive servants came to draw water that his
position was discovered, when their loud
cries soon caused the mouth of the well to
be surrounded by stalwart artillerymen,
who at once procured ropes and rescued
the young officer from his perilous position.
He was placed on a hospital litter and
carried to his own bungalow and in a won-
derfully short time was again fit for duty.

When recounting the events of the night,
he did not fail to mention his horror when
he discovered that around the sides of the
well were holes tenanted by snakes, most
of them of the deadly cobra tribe and some
of them of great size. The hissing and
rustling of these reptiles we can easily be-
lieve had greatly added to the horror of
the night spent at the bottom of an Indian
well.

A Brave Woman.

It is now several years ago since a small
vessel sailing between China and Melbourne
suffered from a succession of misfortunes,
which, however, were overcome by the
courage and fortitude of a woman. The ves-
sel being very small, there were only four
common seamen, the mate, the captain
and the captain's wife, a delicate little wo-
man with a young baby. They had not gone
far on their voyage ere fever broke out on
board, the crew fell sick and one after
another died. The mate recovered, but re-
mained in a pitiable condition of weakness
and reduced to a skeleton, while the cap-
tain, though never so ill as any of the
others, was in a miserable plight. His wife
alone escaped the fever and held up un-
der the terrible and exhausting heat, though
she had nursed the sick men, attended care-
fully to her baby and taken her turn at the
wheel.

To make matters worse, the ship sprung
a leak, which, however, the captain was
able to stop without assistance from his al-
most dying fellow seamen, the unfortunate
vessel arriving in Brisbane half full of



Ancient French and Italian Forks.

Elizabeth of England that an English gen-
tleman traveling through Italy wrote to a
friend he had found the Italians using little
silver forks at their meals. He thought it
the queerest custom, and laughed at the
way Italians had of cutting off a piece of
meat, every person for himself, from one
dish on the table and eating the meat
with a fork from his own plate.

Just about that time some of the Italian
forks were brought to France and England
and certain people began to use them at
table, but it was considered very unfash-
ionable and a silly habit. All her life
Queen Elizabeth ate with her fingers, pick-
ing out nice bits of meat or vegetables
from the dishes about and putting them
directly into her mouth. When in those
days people wished to eat their food very
hot, so hot they could scarcely bear to put
their hands to it, buckskin gloves were
worn at the table to protect their fingers.
Although in some places the use of forks
was forbidden by law, as a useless affecta-
tion and luxury, and though on the stage
some very sharp jests were made at the
expense of those who ate with forks, from
the fifteenth century they began to grow in
fashion. Even then only two or three forks
were owned in a family and by aid of a
knife and fingers the people of simple ways
and means ate their meals. It was when
a countess or a prince died and the list of
their possessions left by will was published,
one reads they bequeathed to their heirs
one, two or maybe three gold or silver
forks. As time went on, however, even
the plain people used forks of steel and
iron at table. Odd forks they were with
two long prongs set wide apart and short
bone handles for forks of silver were a
sign of riches in a family—not a great many
forks came over in the Mayflower, but
plenty of knives, both silver and steel, and
our Puritan ancestors thought it not in the
least vulgar to eat their food with a knife
until somebody added a third prong to the
forks in use—it is only in the last seventy-
five years that all forks have been made
with four prongs, and every one has learn-
ed to consider it a sign of bad manners for
a boy or girl to shovel peas into his or
her mouth with a knife, as no doubt Queen
Elizabeth and King Henry did about four
centuries ago.

A Live Frog in a Stone.

In Hardwicke's "Science Gossip," issue
of February 1, 1867, on page 45, I find the
following communication from one Simon
Hutchinson, under the heading of "A Frog
in Ollite." Mr. Hutchinson opens by beg-
ging to submit the following certificate for
the consideration of all those who delight
in pondering over curious and unaccount-
able facts in nature and art. The certifi-
cate, or affidavit, is given below:

"I, William Munton, of Waltham, Eng-
land, quarryman, hereby certify that I was
a witness to the discovery of the stone and
frog now before me (in possession of Mr.
Simon Hutchinson, of Manthorpe Lodge,
Grantham), in the stone quarry at Wal-
tham. The frog was found about ten or
twelve feet below the natural surface, in a
rock that was perfectly solid with the ex-
ception of the cavity occupied by the frog's
body. When the stone was split open the
frog was seen to be alive, and in size equal
to the cavity which his body had occupied.
It continued to live for the space of about
ten days after being released from the
stone, and was afterwards preserved in
spirits by the late Mr. Stow, of Waltham.
Before the stone was broken by the work-
man's sledge, no crack or crevice was any-
where visible. Witness my hand this 1st
day of December, 1866.

WILLIAM MUNTON.
After giving the above Mr. Hutchinson
made these comments:
"It is not difficult to imagine that in
the ages passed this frog was enveloped
in mud which subsequently hardened into
stone, remaining sufficiently porous to ad-
mit air and moisture enough to maintain a
torpid existence. That like the seeds of
vegetables buried enormously deep, re-
mains dormant until some accident brings
them within the influence of moisture and
light sufficient to reanimate and develop
them. As to the age of the frog in ques-
tion, I offer no theory or opinion."

...house on D...
...at \$2...
...very ex...
...of the best...
...his pen...
...light by Aladdin's lamp...
...by the work of electricity;
...in the course of time, they may
be surpassed by it. Nearly every day, it
seems to me, some new achievement, ac-
complished by this mysterious and au-
powerful force, is made known. So much
has been done with it that we are
no longer surprised by the marvelous rec-
ord that it is making.

And let me say here that electricity is
bound to be the force of the future, the
force by means of which all mechanical
and economic results will be achieved. It
will drive our engines, run our railway
trains, our steamships, road carriages and
vehicles of every kind, even as it now
lights and heats our houses and cooks our
dinners. And I do not doubt that all this
will be seen by even the old men of the
present generation.

So far as the boys and girls that I am
talking to are concerned, the wildest flights
of fancy could hardly conceive of the
things that they will see before they reach
old age.

What do you suppose they are doing now
with an electric current and a pail of
water? Something that seems to turn a
law of nature upside-down. Let me tell
you about it.

Thousands of you have seen a blacksmith
with his tongs take a red-hot piece of iron
from his forge-fire and thrust it into a pail
of water to cool it.

What would you think if you should see
him thrust a piece of perfectly cold iron
into a pail of water and bring it out white
hot? That is reversing the laws of na-
ture with a caution, isn't it. It is, most
certainly; but it is being done all the time
now, and it is becoming quite commonplace.

I know the statement staggers your be-
lief, but when I tell you that electricity
is the magician that does the work, you
will lose your incredulity. The process is
as simple as it is marvelous. Across the
top of an ordinary wooden water pail a bar
of iron is laid. The negative pole of a
dynamo is attached to the bar by a wire,
and another wire connects the other pole
of the dynamo with a copper plate in the
bottom of the pail; and there you are!

Now, the blacksmith merely rests the
piece of iron or steel against the bar
across the top of the pail and dips the
end of it into the water in the pail. Al-
most immediately the end of the metal
becomes very hot, and the smith takes it
out and begins to work on it with his ham-
mer.

That seems very much like magic,
doesn't it? But it isn't; it is a very prac-
tical piece of business done by that won-
derful electricity.

Here is what happens when the smith
places the iron against the bar with its
end in the water: The electric current is
closed by that act, and under the influ-
ence of the current the water immediately
begins to decompose into the gases that
form it—oxygen and hydrogen.

When that process begins, the hydrogen
accumulation of the hydrogen on the iron
that is submerged, thus preventing the
water from coming in contact with it. The
accumulation of the hydrogen on the iron
would cause a stoppage of the current
if the latter were of ordinary strength,
but it is quite strong, on the contrary,
and, in overcoming the resistance of the
hydrogen, great heat is developed, which
passes into the piece of iron, making it
even white hot.

The surrounding water does not cool the
iron because, as I have said, the hydrogen
film protects it.

That is the "water pail forge," as it is
now coming into general use, and to my
mind is one of the most astonishing re-
sults that have sprung from electrical re-
search. The blacksmith no longer needs
his forge, his great bellows and his coal
fire, with its smoke and its dust; a dynamo
and a wooden bucket takes the place of
that clumsy, expensive and dirt-making
outfit.

An Irish Witticism.

Not many months ago there was an
Irishman in England who desired to emi-
grate to America, and all he lacked was
the money to pay his passage, a somewhat
important consideration. A certain man,
for certain reasons, advanced the intend-
ing emigrant the needed funds.

Before sailing the Irishman wrote a note
of thanks to his benefactor, in which he
assured him that he would never forget his
kindness; that if he "got along" in the
new world, he would be sure to repay the
loan, and if he died, he would be sure to
meet his benefactor and repay him.

But the strength of his note lay, kanga-
roo-like, in its tail. The postscript was
as follows:

"Is there any one here as has ever done
anything to your honor that you would
like to have something done to? I'd like
to do something or other for your honor
before I leave, to show your honor how
grateful I be."

Settlement Not Likely.

An office boy in the employ of a real es-
tate agent on Clark street struck for higher
wages a week or two ago, and on the re-
fusal of his employer to grant the increase
he walked out.

Last Monday he went back to the office
and suggested that the case be arbitrated.
"I have nothing to arbitrate," was the an-
swer.

He went away and returned again yester-
day.

"Will you arbitrate to find out whether
there's anything to arbitrate?" he inquired.
"See here, my boy," said the real estate
agent, taking a handful of papers out of a
pigeonhole in his desk. "The only things to
be arbitrated are these bills. I can't pay
them; if you can you may take my job and
I'll walk out."

The boy is still considering the proposi-

Notice.

City of Manches-
owning prop-
are required to
August, 1894,
verified and
September, 1894.

find him, for him kill Red Heron with his gun."

Ben started.

So he had dealt a deadly blow with the clubbed rifle, and he knew what this meant if he should fall into the hands of the marauders.

Lying in the short grass that barely reached above his back, he scarcely breathed, though he watched the shadowy forms with a finger at the trigger.

It was life or death, and he felt that these moments were the most dangerous of his career.

Hither and thither flitted the Indians, looking for the trail made on the ground by the boy's feet, and at times they came so near that Ben's finger seemed to press the trigger mechanically.

At last they drew off and formed a little group under a tree.

"White boy somewhere," said one of the four. "Him no take to the water; must be in the forest. Black Tiger fire the wood and smoke the young weasel out."

Ben Early shuddered.

Rain had not fallen for weeks, the grass and leaves were as dry as tinder, and a fire would in a few minutes envelope the whole wood and encircle him with its terrible flames.

One of the Indians argued against this proceeding, but the others chimed in with the idea, and at last Ben saw the proposer of the diabolical scheme striking fire with his flint among a lot of leaves.

Barely twenty feet away from the dem-

onstrated the boy.

The young man, however, was not fast as the black could take.

The moon had gone down and shadows lay everywhere, but Black Billy seemed to pick his way over the road as well as if he was galloping forward at noonday, and as the first streaks of dawn lit up the east Ben Early knew that his ride was over.

But Aunt Debby?

Was she safe?

He did not breathe very free till he scaled a hill near the cabin and looked down over the valley.

The cabin had been spared, at any rate. What was better still, Aunt Debby stood in the door watching for him, and while she prepared his breakfast he told her the story of his night out among the murderous Creeks.

Aunt Debby kissed Ben at the end of the story, and then went out and gratefully stroked Black Billy's arched neck.—Good News.

A LUCKY MISS.

I can never forget my first shot at a wild deer. It was a fortunate shot, indeed, for I brought down big game, even though the deer escaped.

Farlow, Cranton and myself decided to

A "JUNIOR" BAND.



There is a band of very young men now visiting Atlanta which is in its way unique. It is the Chase Boys' band. The oldest of the boys is only twelve years of age. There are four of them and the youngest is only five years of age. But to hear them play "The Marseillaise" or "After the Ball" one would think that it was a Thomas's orchestra. The boys are well up on musical matters. Mr. Boyeson Chase plays the tenor. The alto horn is played by master Will Chase. The quartet consists of Messrs. George, Willie, Boyeson and Louis. They are sons of Professor George E. Chase, of Columbus, Ga.

The boys play merely for their own amusement. As their father writes: "Our little boys are not accustomed to playing before large audiences, but in any way that their services can contribute to the success of your enterprise, we beg to offer them. There will be no charge at all, and I will bring them to the park as you direct, 3:30 o'clock p. m. tomorrow."

This is to say that they will play at the entertainment at the Queen of Glitter tomorrow.

So the people of Atlanta will have an opportunity to hear them play, and we feel sure that they will be in nowise disappointed.

ons lay the Alabama boy, watching every movement of theirs.

He saw the leaves kindle a little and die out.

This filled his heart with a moment's hope.

At last the fire caught and the leaves began to burn nicely, but all at once the Indian who had fought against the proposition to fire the wood leaped upon the flames and began to stamp them out.

This exasperated the others, and the fire-extinguisher was hustled aside, only to return to his work with renewed vigor, and for a minute it seemed that he would be brained by his maddened companions.

Ben watched these proceedings with bated breath; he saw the fire rekindled and put out three times in succession, and at last the one savage had his way, and the fire was left to smolder on the ground.

"Boy take to the river, I say," said the contrary savage. "Him far off by this time."

Back they went to the stream, and while they renewed the search there Ben crept away and undertook another detour.

Presently a wild cry rent the silence of the night, and he drew back alarmed.

It was followed by a sharp neigh, and the following moment, to his astonishment, he saw loom up in front of him an Indian and a horse—the latter being Black Billy.

The Alabama boy knew that the horse's night had been arrested by a prowling Creek, who had announced his capture with the yell just heard.

Ben saw Black Billy reluctantly urged forward by the red, who had sprung on his back, and, stepping aside, he brought the rifle to his shoulder before he thought of the consequences.

The resonant report that filled the belt of timber was followed by a backward tumble, and the Indian came to the ground, shot through the head.

Ben Early sprung over the prostrate body and vaulted into the saddle with a cry of triumph.

Black Billy recognized his young master with a joyous whinny, and Ben, urging him forward, galloped through the forest once more.

Half a mile farther on an arrow hurtled past his head, but this seemed to lend the black new speed, and the boy fairly flew forward.

It seemed to him that the captors of Fort Mimms had overrun the whole country.

All at once there leaped from the bushes along the trail a form that went straight at Black Billy's bridle, and hung there.

The horse almost stopped, for the maddened young buck tugged at the rein with all his strength.

Ben leaned forward with the tomahawk and struck the Indian across the face, breaking his hold and sending him under the horse's hoofs with a wild cry.

"Now for it now for the home stretch!" said Ben to Black Billy. "There's no Creek

spend our vacation in the Adirondacks, and we made all plans and arrangements for it long before the time approached.

My outfit included a brand new Winchester repeater, a weapon I had long coveted, and I was very proud of it. How I did long to get a crack at a deer with that rifle.

Our guide's name was Dave, and he knew the whole Adirondack region like a book, having spent the greater part of his life there. Among his other accomplishments he was the best trailer it has ever been my fortune to see among white men. It is possible that his skill could not match that of some red trackers of the west, but he was simply wonderful.

Dave led us away up into the very heart of the mountains, and we finally pitched our tent on a little island that lay like a floating mass of verdure on the bosom of a mirror-like lake.

"There," grunted the guide, when we were finally settled, "if we don't find plenty of fishin' an' shootin' round here, I don't know any place we kin."

Fishing there certainly was, and shooting on a small scale; but we were all itching to knock over something heavy. Tired though we were, we would have started out the first night had not darkness been so close upon us, which explains how utterly green we were.

It was growing dusk when Dave ran over to the mainland to bring a pail of drinking water from a cool spring. We went down to the shore and saw him off.

After he was gone, we lay down there and tossed pebbles into the water, while we smoked and chatted. There we remained until we saw the guide's canoe heave suddenly out of the darkness that had settled over the lake.

"Swar I believe some critter passed me," said Dave, as we lifted out the birch. "Thought I heerd the dip of a paddle, but the shadder of the mountains kept me from seein' anybody, ef anybody was there."

Never can I forget that first supper around the campfire. We were ravenous and the driest food tasted fit for a king.

But when it came time to turn in for the night I made an amazing discovery.

My Winchester was gone!

I remembered exactly where I left it, and it certainly was not there. A hasty search showed us it had utterly disappeared.

"Stand back, boys," commanded Dave, as he took a lighted brand from the fire and began to examine the ground.

We watched him anxiously, breathlessly. Suddenly he uttered a grunt, and began to move away toward the side of the island opposite that on which we had awaited his return when he was after the water.

We followed, knowing Dave had struck a trail.

Right down to the water's edge he went, and there he stopped, pointing to a mark in the sand that plainly indicated a canoe had been lightly grounded there.

"Critter came in here while you was away, verbatim."

where he had touched, and then he saw the brand and sauntered back to camp.

"Now I know I heard the dip of a paddle as I was comin' over with the water," were the last words he uttered as he turned in.

Despite my anger and despair at the loss of my new Winchester, I was so tired I slept soundly that night, not even troubled by a dream.

The next day there was a grand hunt for some trace of the thief, but it proved unsuccessful, and Dave declared there was not one chance in a thousand of ever seeing him. He offered me his own rifle, but it was not the handsome Winchester I had lost. However, I was obliged to accept and make the best of it.

For all of Dave's assertion that we should find plenty of shooting around there, four days passed without a deer being sighted. On the fifth day Farlow and Cranton started off by themselves, and Dave did not immediately return after setting them over to the mainland.

I was dozing and day dreaming in the hammock when I heard the soft grating of a boat at the landing. A moment later Dave came panting to the spot, crying cautiously:

"Take my rifle! Come quick! A deer!"

That was enough; I was out of that hammock in a flash, quivering with excitement.

Down to the landing we went, and I had Dave's rifle clutched in my fingers. Was it possible I should be the first to bag a deer?

I lost no time in getting into the bow of the canoe, which Dave soon sent skimming silently across the unrippled bosom of the lake. He fairly made the birch fly, and still the silent strokes of his paddle did not sway it from side to side the space of an inch. It seemed to keep straight as a bullet to its course, and far ahead, under the shade of the bushes that lined the shore, I saw a patch of yellowish red.

The deer was there!

With the rifle resting across my knee, I watched that red patch until it took on the outlines of the graceful wild creature that was feeding on the long grass and the lily pads, as it waded along the margin of the lake.

Holding back the trigger so there would be no click, I cocked the rifle. My heart was thumping heavily, and I must have had just a touch of "buck fever."

The deer saw us, but the creature was not certain we could be hostile, although he was a trifle nervous. Still he kept feeling, scarcely thinking the dark spots on the water could do him harm so far away.

When we were within a hundred yards I put up the rifle, and, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Dave's paddle go out flat on the water to steady the boat. A moment later he whispered:

"Fire!"

I fired, and the way that deer got out of the water and melted into the bushes quite took away my breath.

"Clean over!" muttered Dave, in mingled dismay and disgust.

"I'll bet \$10 I hit him!" I cried, desperately.

"You'd lose. Notice how he held his tail up like a red plume as he humped into the brush? Ef he'd bin hit he'd never held it that way."

Still I would not give up that I had not touched the deer, and I made the guide go ashore.

Up into the woods we went, Dave with his eyes on the trail of the deer. All at once he stopped and began to stare, while I uttered a cry of triumph.

"Told you I hit him!" I shouted, pointing to some blood on the ground.

"Well, you hit something," confessed Dave, as he examined the marks.

Then he added:

"That something was a man!"

"A man?" I gasped.

"Yep," nodded my companion. "The deer was scat, and nigh run over the critter you shot. Arter that, deer went that way, an' man went this way. We'll follow the man."

But I did not care to face a man I had just shot, and I was for going back. Dave insisted that I come along, and he chuckled with satisfaction as he again examined the trail.

It is probable we followed that man half a mile, and the entire trail was marked by drops of blood.

We finally came upon him stretched on the ground, groaning with pain, and shot through the calf of the leg.

"Hullo!" said Dave familiarly; "so it's you, Jim Paul? I might have knowed it ef I hadn't thought you was out of these parts for good."

The wounded man groaned, as he returned: "I'm bleedin' ter death, Dave!"

"Serves ye right! The minute I struck your trail over here I knowed it was the same as the one I found on the island. Where's the gun?"

"Here it is."

The wounded man pointed at a rifle that lay at his feet—my rifle! Dave picked up the weapon and gave it to me, observing:

"You missed ther deer, but you made a blamed lucky shot, jest ther same, fer you winged ther thief that got away with yer shooter."

My surprise and pleasure may be imagined. It had truly proved a lucky miss.

We bound up Jim Paul's wound, which was not at all serious, although he had lost quite a lot of blood; and then we awoke him to the old "shack" where he was stopping.

Dave promised to come over in the morning to see how he was getting along, and he did so, with our entire party.

But we didn't find the wounded thief, for he had dusted out in the night, evidently fearing arrest and punishment.

To this day Farlow and Cranton sometimes try to jolly me about that shot; but I can stand it, for, as I stated at the beginning of the story, though the deer escaped, I brought down big game. Brian E. Barr.

Closely Associated Ideas.

Mr. Barker, who claims to be at home in all that pertains to good cooking, was sitting on the hotel piazza one evening lately, explaining to his friends, Lawyer Thompson and Colonel Robb, the manner of preparing the latest fad in delicacies—the snail—for the breakfast table.

Thompson was interested, but Robb was quiet and seemed drowsy. Suddenly he brightened up.

"I saw three of them playing marbles in front of the postoffice this morning," he remarked.

"Why, what's the matter with you, colonel?" asked Mr. Barker, "you're talking about snails."

"Well, I'm talking about messenger boys," said the colonel. "Go on with your conversation."

breath while he watched the redoubtless chased the bear up, and when the Indian fell among the bushes the boy hardly do.

redskin was crouching along for some one, and to ride and be to invite an arrow or a

resolved to make a detour, which could do at that point, and suitably thought he turned away and to the forest.

now reached the loneliest portion of the trail, and when he found himself in the proceeded with caution.

ence, with a cry that made the forest something sprung from a tree, and, Black Billy's neck, alighting on a few feet away.

was more than the horse could stand, and the next instant Ben found himself on the ground, while the animal was galloping through the wood, making a racket that alarmed the boy and threatened to reveal him to the Indians.

The wildest had frightened Black Billy almost out of his senses, and Ben, standing in the semi-gloom, gun in hand, waited for the next adventure.

The noise of the runaway died in the distance, and after a time Ben resumed the journey.

He kept as close to the trail as he dared without exposing himself.

That the woods were alive with Indians, the red-handed victors of Fort Mimms, he readily believed, and this belief filled him with the caution of an old woodman.

Suddenly, however, he was stopped by a peculiar hoot, which seemed to come from a tree at his elbow.

Instantly the Alabama boy became a mouse underneath the tree.

"That was no owl," he thought.

A moment later the call was answered, and to Ben's alarm a form dropped from the bough almost directly overhead, and he saw within arms' reach another half-naked warrior.

To run seemed folly, for the Indian saw him; but the boy clubbed the rifle with the quickness of thought, and springing forward, brought it down upon the Creek's skull with all his strength.

There was a stifled cry and a backward tumble, and the Indian fell at the root of the tree.

Ben Early bent forward and stooped a moment over the prostrate body, noticing the beautiful headdress and necklace of bear claws that adorned the warrior's neck.

He sprang back and ran—carrying in one hand his rifle and in the other the Indian's tomahawk, which he had picked up from its owner's side.

The wood happened to be a belt of timber which came to an end on the river bank, and Ben Early soon found himself in the open, so far as he knew unpursued, and with the moonlight falling around him like a silver shower.

To stand there long was to invite exposure, so he withdrew into the timber again, but not for long.

There came plunging through the forest, one after another, four shadowy figures on his trail.

He dropped to the ground at once.

On they came, rushing past him so near that he might have struck the foremost down with a clubbed rifle, and at the river all stopped and began to talk.

"White boy take to water," said one.

"Him swim like a fish and get away."

Ben saw them search the shore, looking all along it for the place where he was supposed to have entered the water, and it was easy to tell that they were puzzled.

"Mebbe boy back in the woods. We must

AC LIEBMAN,
State, Renting and Loans,
20 Peachtree Street.

The best time ever known to buy real estate in Atlanta or suburbs with a small amount of money. We have a large number of choice places on our books that in twelve months you could not buy for the same price now asked. While it is this extreme hard time for the value of Atlanta real estate is absolutely the best and most profitable time to buy. We have a large number of choice places on our books that in twelve months you could not buy for the same price now asked. While it is this extreme hard time for the value of Atlanta real estate is absolutely the best and most profitable time to buy.

RATTLE OF THE RAIL.

Great Reduction is Probable
Southern Railway and Steamship Association Meets in New York—Other Railroad News.

As soon as the Southern Railway Company gets possession of all the lines that are to be consolidated, it is in the hands of the roads the work of changing will begin.

The men in the offices of the old East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, the Georgia and the old Richmond and Lancaster, beginning to quiver in their boots under the influence of the new system.

The new agreement between the roads composing the Southern Railway and Steamship Association will take effect by the first of August, the old agreement that now holds the roads together expiring on the first of this month.

The presidents of the roads forming the association have been in New York for the past few days shaping out the articles of agreement and coming to some definite understanding with respect to the schedules of rates from the east and west to the south.

The Louisville and Nashville pulled out of the association a few months ago on account of the unfairness allowed on the part of the Louisville and Nashville in the matter of reduced rates.

AFTER FOUR WEEKS

The Remains of John M. Robinson Were Laid to Rest.
TAKEN FROM THE VAULT YESTERDAY

A Bad Circle of Friends Paid Tribute to His Memory—The Exercises at the Grave.

The last chapter in a tragedy was enacted at Westview cemetery yesterday afternoon. The remains of John M. Robinson were laid to rest in the vault.

At half-past 5 o'clock, surrounded by a crowd of sorrowful friends, the remains of the late John M. Robinson were laid to rest beneath the oaks that grow in that quiet tract.

Since the tragic death of the unfortunate man his body has been kept in the vault at the cemetery awaiting the coming of his wife, Mrs. Robinson arrived in Atlanta from Roanoke, Va., Thursday, and at once made preparations for the interment of her late husband.

The car, which left the city at 4 o'clock, carried a large crowd of men who had known John Robinson, and who wished to pay final tribute to the memory of their friend.

THE QUEEN

GOLD DUST
Washing Powder.

It lightens her labor, lessens her care, and lengthens her time of leisure. Grocers sell a four pound package of this great dirt destroyer for 25c. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA.

STRUCK

By the price our Mr. Weil purchased 30 Dozen Fine Derbys

While in New York last week. Colors Black, Seal and Havana Browns; stylish shapes and splendid stock, worth from \$2 to \$2.50 each.

\$1.00
takes choice from the lot until next Tuesday.

EISEMAN & WEIL

Advertisers of Facts, 3 Whitehall St. Look Before You Leap, Or the Result May Be Disastrous.

Many people who come to our office for medical treatment, for the cure of various diseases, are disappointed because the price is so high.

Discussion has been widespread as to who was to blame for the death of Robinson, and whether or not the blame should be placed on the city.

The meeting called for last night to organize a permanent chauntauqua assembly, was called off.

The absence of these gentlemen was not contemplated when the date for the meeting was fixed. Their presence being absolutely necessary it was deemed advisable at the last moment to postpone the meeting until an occasion when they can be present.

Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen went to the chamber of commerce with a view of attending the meeting and were disappointed to find that it had been postponed.

THE MISSISS CHEYNEY

335 Condit Street. School opens September 3, 1894. Application received at the school after August 20th.

The Berlitz School of Languages
17 East Canal Street. French, Spanish and German. Summer course at reduced rates. Trial lessons free. Send for catalogue.

Washington Seminary,
46 Walton Street. Full corps of native and foreign teachers. "Give us a child of school age in Atlanta to give our children the best opportunities for securing at home a liberal and thorough education." Send for catalogue.

Business College
Bookkeeping, Short-hand, Telegraph, Penmanship, etc. Send for catalogue.

Glendale Female College
For Young Ladies. The largest and most extensively equipped of the kind in the South. Send for catalogue.

Norfolk College
For Young Ladies. Largest and best equipped college in the South. Send for catalogue.

WANT THE PATRONAGE OF SENSIBLE MEN

of critical taste, who buy prudently. The better the suit the more you must pay for it. That sounds simple enough, but we charge very little for the BEST.

We sell at a profit, who doesn't, that's in business and tells the truth?—but not grasping, usurious forty or fifty per cent, but a reasonable, living profit. We would send to the ends of the earth if we could thus secure better clothes, Hats and Furnishings than we keep for you.

GEO. MUSE CLOTHING CO.
38 Whitehall St.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

Showing the Arrival and Departure of All Trains from This City—Central Time.

ARRIVE
From Savannah 7:45 am To Atlanta 8:00 am
From Macon 10:00 am To Atlanta 10:15 am
From Augusta 11:00 am To Atlanta 11:15 am

DEPART
To Savannah 7:45 am
To Macon 10:00 am
To Augusta 11:00 am

THE FIDELITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

INCORPORATED 1878. Assets over \$2,000,000. Surplus, April 1, 1894, \$76,244. Death losses paid \$2,119,748. Insurance in force over \$40,000,000. New business more than \$2,000,000 a month.

Our Renewable Term Policies are especially adapted to these hard times. Compare these with the rates you are now paying for your insurance.

Charles G. Beck,
Manager, 208 Equitable Bldg Atlanta, Ga.

ATLANTA AND NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE

Southbound. Lv Atlanta 4:20 pm To New Orleans 8:25 am. Lv New Orleans 8:25 am To Atlanta 4:20 pm.

ATLANTA AND WEST POINT RAILROAD COMPANY.
The following schedule in effect June 12th, 1894.

KNOWLEDGE
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid kaffee principles embraced in the Syp of Fig.

ARE YOU GOING TO BE MARRIED?

If so, your attention is directed to our facilities for supplying handsomely engraved invitations and cards at a few days' notice and at very low prices. Our stock of silver FOR WEDDINGS is positively unequalled by any other in the south. Why select from stocks where only a few pieces are shown when you can so much better please yourself with the newest styles from our large display? Our prices will be found from 10 to 25 per cent less than others charge.

CUT GLASS can be bought from us at prices so much lower than prevail elsewhere that the fact is well known throughout the city.

If there is going to be a wedding in your family it will pay you to call on us. J. P. STEVENS & BRO., 47 Whitehall St.

fine whisky

Is beneficial and conducive to health, when used in moderation. We sell fine whisky, in fact, its our "long haul"—brands like "Canadian Club," "Four Aces," "O. O. P.," "Old Charter," "Cleveland Club" cannot be surpassed.

bluthenthal "b&b." & hickart, b&b.

54 and 46 Marietta St. 'phone 378. empty barrels for sale.

FRANK M. POTTS, HENRY POTTS, JOSEPH THOMPSON.

Potts-Thompson Liquor Co.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers. Also, Distillers of Stone Mountain Corn Whisky and keep the best of everything in our line and sell the cheapest. Give us a trial.

7, 9, 11, 13 Kimball House, Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga. Telephone 48.

DR. W. W. BOWES, SPECIALIST.

Treatment \$5 per month for all Medical cases, no matter what the Disease, NOT requiring Surgical Treatment.

SPECIALTIES.

Hydrocele, Impotence, Gonorrhea, Stricture, Syphilis, Nervous Debility, Kidneys and Liver, Enlarged Prostate, Bladder Diseases, Enlarged Testicles, etc.

Consultation at office or by mail free. Book and question list for 2-cent stamp. DR. W. W. BOWES, 124 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga. (Over Snooks & Co.'s Furniture store).

NEW DOCTORS.

DR. A. SOPER. DR. A. MacKENZIE. All who visit the foreign doctors before August 21 will receive services two months free of charge. This benevolent offer is extended to the rich and poor alike. Having been selected from the highest graded colleges on the continent, they represent the best medical and surgical training in the world. All diseases of men and women treated. No matter what the name and nature of your disease may be, no how long standing, do not fail to secure their opinion of your case as it costs you nothing. If incurable they will frankly tell you. During the past month 84 visited the doctors and 276 were rejected as incurable. Hours 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Their office is known as the "Foreign Doctors' Office," No. 44 Walton street, corner Fairlie street, Atlanta, Ga. Those unable to call receive a history of their case together with a 2-cent stamp, and address to Dr. A. Soper, No. 44 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

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We have unequalled facilities for the manufacture of SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES. We grind all kinds of Lenses, plain or compound. KELLAM & MOORE Scientific Opticians, 54 Marietta St., opposite postoffice.

FOUR MONTHS IN JAIL

W. B. Echols, Who Was Charged with Grand Larceny, Is Free

MR. SUTTLES SECURES HIS RELEASE

The Sheriff of Colorado Came Here After Two Men—He Didn't Get but One, However.

After remaining in the Atlanta jail more than four months, W. B. Echols has been released on the necessary papers from Colorado.

The charge against him was grand larceny, a true bill being found by the grand jury of one of the Colorado counties. Echols and another man went to Colorado, according to the story of Sheriff Garcia, and there proposed to farm a lot of land. They went to work and secured the money for a stated amount of seed for planting and did not put it in the ground but disposed of it at a good profit. Then they rode away with two horses which they had not fully paid for, according to the sheriff.

The sheriff came to Atlanta and succeeded in locating his men and arresting them. He was going to take them away by their own consent when relatives interfered and they fought the case. They were held until requisition papers could be obtained, and a fight was then made by the relatives of Echols. The sheriff returned to his far-off western home with only one of his men as he was unable to remain any longer.

The claim made by W. B. Echols was that the warrant called for the services of W. M. Echols and he was remanded to jail. An attempt was made to get him out on a writ of habeas corpus, but it failed. Sheriff Garcia did not return and Echols still remained in jail. Day after day he was kept imprisoned, but no relief could be obtained by law. The sheriff claimed that while the warrant showed the initials, "W. M.," that W. B. Echols was the right man and that he was the one wanted on the charge of grand larceny.

Echols then secured the services of Attorney J. B. Suttles, who went to work to secure the freedom of his client. Finding that there was nothing to be done at this end, the lawyer went to work to secure the necessary papers from Colorado. The authorities in that state quickly came to the conclusion that it would be a useless expenditure of money to prosecute the case further and forwarded the proper documents. These were presented to Sheriff Barnes and he gave an order releasing Echols from custody. The length of time that Echols has been kept in jail has created considerable comment, in the light of the recent ball-trover development, and it seems to be a matter of securing a verdict of innocence before release is possible.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars Convened and Did Some Good Work. The annual session of the grand lodge of Good Templars of Georgia which met Tuesday at Acworth, Ga., has closed. A number of important matters were acted upon before the lodge adjourned. The committee on the state of the order made an interesting report, embodying a plan for field work and for keeping state organizations in the field for the coming year.

Extensive plans were adopted for the organization of juvenile templars. A considerable fund, in addition to the regular dues, was raised for the prosecution of the work among out. The money was to be judiciously spent in work for the order throughout the state.

The following officers of the grand lodge were elected: Grand chief templar, Frank J. Sibbey, of Augusta, Ga.; grand vice templar, Mrs. V. W. Sherrill, Madison; grand counselor, S. A. Wayman, Pomona; grand secretary, J. G. Throver, Atlanta; grand treasurer, J. W. Kreeger, Atlanta; grand chaplain, Rev. R. P. Baird, Acworth; grand superintendent of juvenile templars, J. J. Keith, Louisville, and grand marshal, E. B. Clarke, Madison, Ga.

The final session of the lodge was held Thursday night at the Presbyterian church. A large and enthusiastic audience was in attendance. Addresses were made by Mr. Frank J. Sibbey, Rev. R. P. Baird, and Hon. Joe Northrop, of Acworth, after which the lodge adjourned to meet next year. This session of the lodge was a most successful one in every way, much interest in the proceedings were manifested by the good people of Acworth and all delegates left that little city with a kindly feeling for its citizens.

Flavor all your cold drinks with ten to twelve drops of ANGELOTTA BITTERS to keep free from summer diseases and all sorts of indigestion.

A Boy Is an Enigma. Boys are animated enigmas. For sixteen years and more they are regarded by their parents as comarons too difficult to answer. Whole libraries full of books have been written on the singular query: "What shall we do with our boys?"

The Constitution places one solution of the problem before parents when it makes its great encyclopedia offer to its readers. It says: "Educate them." Now there are many ways to an education, for all people cannot travel together. One road is known as the home culture way. It is the self-taught that tread this road, and anything that will smooth the rugged path is not to be despised. The Encyclopedia Britannica placed in a home will make self-teaching much easier than before. It will enable the child to take short cuts, which will save many nights' labor. Many boys obliged to work for their living are laboriously treading the "self-taught" road. The terms upon which the Constitution bases its Encyclopedia of 19 cents a volume, within the financial limits even of those who must study as they work, if they study at all.

Mr. Garrard's Appearances. Will speak at unimpaired, Chattahoochee county, on Saturday, July 21st. At Lafayette, Walker county, on Monday, July 23rd.

At Ringgold, Catoosa county, Tuesday, July 24th. At Dalton, Whitfield county, Wednesday, July 25th. At Calhoun, Gordon county, Friday, July 27th. At Cartersville, Bartow county, Saturday, July 28th. At Marietta, Cobb county, Saturday night, July 28th.

Removal. The Fidelity Banking and Trust Company has removed to corner Alabama and Pryor streets.

LOW RATES. To Mt. Airy, Ga., and Tallulah Falls, Ga.

On train leaving Saturday afternoon and good returning Monday morning Atlanta and return \$2.50 Atlanta and Tallulah Falls and return, \$3. For tickets call at 8 and 10 Kimball house and Union ticket office.

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A splendid opportunity is offered by the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railway to all who are desirous of taking a week end trip to the seashore. Round trip tickets will be sold from Atlanta to Cumberland and St. Simon's at \$5, good to return until July 30th.

The Seashore Express on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia leaves at 7:30 p. m. and carries through sleepers and coaches to Brunswick. This train arrives Brunswick 6:15 a. m. and steamers for St. Simon and Cumberland leave at 8 a. m., giving passengers time to get breakfast in Brunswick. Special meals, however, can be secured on board the steamers.

The hotels this year are excellently managed and offer every facility for a comfortable and pleasant stay.

This excursion will be accompanied by a passenger representative of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, who will look after the comfort of all patrons. This is the last excursion, with probably one exception, which will be run this season.

Sleeping car diagrams are in the hands of Mr. E. E. Kirby, city ticket agent, corner Kimball house. Parties desiring good reservations should call early as possible.

To St. Augustine, Fla. From Macon, Ga., and intermediate points, up to and including Valdosta, July 23, 1894, only \$3 for the round trip; tickets good five days after date of sale. Special train service for the occasion via the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad. The train will also be given an opportunity to bathe in the celebrated Suwannee springs and White springs on the famous Suwannee river. Fine surf bathing at North and South beach. Pullman accommodations will be reserved in advance upon application. For further information apply to your nearest ticket agent or to G. A. MACDONALD, G. P. A., Macon, Ga., July 14 to July 25.

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